

SOCIETY CALENDAR

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
Abilene Post No. 63—Meets at the court house the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month. All comrades are invited to meet with us. I. S. Hall, P. O.; W. S. Anderson, Adjutant.

Woman's Relief Corps No. 63—Meets alternate Fridays at 7:30 p. m. in the city hall. President, Mrs. C. C. Shuler; Secretary, Mrs. Alice Seede.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Damon Lodge No. 4—Meets every Wednesday evening, corner second and Broadway. Visiting brothers cordially invited. M. H. Malott, C. C.; A. E. Cooper, K. of R. & S.

A. O. U. W.
Abilene Lodge No. 62—Meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows hall. W. J. Winfield, M. W.; Richard Warner, recorder.

I. O. O. F.
Western Home Lodge, I. O. O. F. No. 62—Meets every Tuesday evening in Odd Fellows hall. Officers: Noble Grand, D. H. Metzger; Secretary, J. T. Hornaday. Visiting brethren cordially welcome.

MASONIC.
Abilene Commandery No. 25, E. T.—Meets in Masonic hall on the first and third Thursdays of each month. W. H. Giles, E. C.; John M. Glendon, Recorder.

Cyrus Chapter, No. 18, A. M.—Meets in Masonic hall on the second and fourth Mondays of each month. I. S. Hall, H. P.; J. L. Worley, Secretary.

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IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

A CONSERVATIVE VIEW.

Recent Brilliant Triumphs of Women in the Higher Branches of Learning Not So Surprising, After All.

Echoes of the rapturous applause, with which the success of lady students in recent university examinations was greeted in England, have reached us on this side of the Atlantic. All our readers know how brilliant that success was. Miss Fawcett, daughter of the celebrated professor of political economy, secured the highest place in the mathematical tripos at Cambridge, outstripping the senior wrangler by a considerable percentage of marks. This victory, notable under any circumstances, was rendered all the more notable by the fact that it was won in an exceptionally good year of mathematical scholars. Hard after Miss Fawcett in the race for glory came Miss Alfred of Girton, who stood in the first division of the first class in classics. She, too, belongs to a family honored in literary circles. Her father is an eminent London clergyman, and her uncle was the Dean of Alford, who contributed some works of permanent value to English literature.

Both these young ladies showed exceptional powers of acquisition and assimilation, but they have scarcely done enough to justify the ecstatic eulogies which have been paid them. Some of their admirers go the length of declaring that they have already done more for their sex than all the women who preceded them. Rhapsodies in a similar vein fill columns in newspapers and magazines. John Bull is usually sedate enough, but when any thing powerful enough to excite him happens, he shouts with whoops of delight which would put an Indian on the war-path to shame. That a lady should snatch the blue ribbon of mathematical scholarship from the favored sex, seems to him almost a miracle. It opens up possibilities for women which make him intoxicated with wonder. He sees dim visions of women delivering speeches in Parliament, lecturing in university classrooms, and sitting on the bench clothed in judicial authority. Such revolutions are to be wrought by the phenomenal success of a phenomenally gifted girl!

The wise gentlemen, who wag their heads in editorial chairs and enlighten the world through editorial columns, gravely announce that Mrs. Poyser's observation as to the capacity of her sex has in the latter days received a new meaning and a certain fulfillment. It will be remembered that the observation was to this effect: "God Almighty had made 'em to match the men." We thought such a truism would by this time have been shelved in the closet of commonplaces, but we find it trotted out in laudatory articles as a sentiment now invested with striking significance. Thrashing out thoroughly thrashed out straw is a less needless task than attempting, on any day, to explode the notion of inferiority of the female to the male intellect. An age which boasts of George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Harriet Beecher Stowe, can not be in ignorance of the range of woman's mental power.

Attention is also called to the zeal displayed by English girls in classical studies, as if that zeal were something unheard of before. It is not so strangely new. It is but a revival of what obtained in the good old days of Queen Elizabeth. "History repeats itself," and certainly the Victorian period is in this respect the Elizabethan period. A knowledge of Latin and Greek was counted an essential part of a lady's education, during the reign of Elizabeth. Sir Anthony Cooke, who enjoyed the distinction of being tutor to Edward VI., had four learned daughters. Their accomplishments were shared, though, in a smaller degree, by the commoners of similar social standing. Katherine wrote Latin hexameters and with the ease of practiced knowledge. Mildred, who became the wife of Lord Burleigh, is described by Roger Ascham as, with the single exception of Lady Jane Grey, the best Greek scholar among the young women of England. A third daughter, Anne, was equally at home in theology and classics. She carried on a long and interesting correspondence with Bishop Jewel in Greek, and translated one of his books written in Latin, so accurately that he was unable to suggest a single alteration. Such a woman was worthy of the honor of being Lord Bacon's mother. We advise the journalists, who write of devotion to classical studies as something new for English women, to learn a little about the studies of ladies in the Elizabethan period.

Mathematical genius is supposed to require more mental power than classics, and so to be beyond the range of woman's capacity. Here again history may be summoned to administer a needed rebuke. Within the last century, at least three women were renowned through their mathematical ability. Maria Getania Agnesi was professor of mathematics at the famous university of Bologna. She was so beautiful that she had to draw a curtain between herself and her students, and so learned that her commentary on conic sections and her analysis of finite quantities and of infinitesimals became standard treatises on the subjects they discussed. Her lectures are said to have been remarkably lucid, although scholars bewildered by her personal charms often ran the risk of confusing angles with angles—an error into which students of our day are in no danger of falling. Many readers will be acquainted with the work done by Mary Somerville in geometry and algebra.

Her sex could not bar her out from a first place among the mathematicians of her time. The story of the achievements of Ellen Watson is less familiar. Amid the stress of home duties, not one of which was shirked by her, she pursued a strenuous course of private study, which qualified her for the highest mathematical class in University College, London. At college she was remarkably successful. She took the first prize for applied mathematics and physics, at the early age of twenty-one. A brilliant career was opening up before her when consumption claimed her for its prey. Other what is unnecessary to prove to all unprejudiced observers of the facts of life—that there is no lack of mental power in woman, to unfit her for grappling with mathematical problems.

The recent successes of women, in fields of study hitherto monopolized by men, will undoubtedly give an impulse to female education, and lead to far-reaching consequences. The sex is not inferior to the other. There should be a fair field and no favor in the race of life. If women are able to win prizes as bravely as men in the past, for men,

they should be not only allowed to win them, but to enjoy them. Miss Fawcett tops the list in the examination, but one who stood second for her reaps the advantages of the senior wranglership. Why should this be?—Rev. D. Sutherland, in Interior.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

The Growing Sentiment in Favor of Co-Education.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Lee, of Park street, West End Methodist Church, Atlanta, Ga., writes to the Journal of that city concerning co-education and the school-mistress abroad at the National Education Association. He says:

"The women are seen in the hotel lobbies, talking and making their way from place to place, just the same as men. It does not look at all out of place; there are so many of them that one would be led to suppose it was their day."

"In the educational circles women have already come to be regarded as entitled to all the place and learning and freedom that men have enjoyed. One session of this convention considered co-education, and all the teachers are practically unanimous in favor of it. Prof. John Hancock, Superintendent of Instruction in Ohio, remarked that in twenty-five years boys would be knocking for admittance to the halls of Wellesley and Vassar, and all other female colleges, and that in all colleges in this country young men and women would pursue the same course of study in the same classes. Oberlin College was cited as an instance where both sexes had been educated together with the most flattering results. One thing is sure, this convention of 2,000 teachers seems to be about unanimous on this question. That means that in the future co-education will be practiced in all our colleges, for these teachers will have the rising generation in their hands, and will bring them to their way of thinking. Women here rise and express their views in the convention without the slightest embarrassment, and it seems to me that they generally state what they want to say in better and more direct style than the men. When a woman rises to speak, no one expects to be bored, and no one expects to hear expressed a mere platitudinous. They have a direct way of getting at things, and putting things, that is striking and entertaining. I am about ready to conclude, from what I see and hear in this convention, that it will not be a bad thing for the interest and directness of public assemblies when women come to take part in them. The lords of creation, many of them, are excessively dull and stupid, and the dull and stupid women, if there be such, seem to know how to hold their tongues."

WOMEN IN BUSINESS.

Mrs. KRAMER, a Jewess of Bagdad, makes a fact which employs five hundred Jewish women and girls. They make calico embroideries on covers, curtains, etc.

Women barbers are quite common in Sweden, both in Stockholm and in the country. In Denmark a lady barber has recently commenced business in the small town of Svendborg.

The retail book business in Nantucket, Mass., is largely controlled by women. Among the dealers are Ellen H. Coffin, Harriet M. May, Mary F. Coleman, Mary A. Jones and Phoebe W. Clisby. Inasmuch as women write the books, buy the books, and read the books it is only fair that they should sell them.

A young woman who has a dress-making establishment in East Thirty-first street, New York City, makes her rent by storing furs, wraps and winter dresses for her customers during the warm weather. The garment is cleaned, renovated and packed away, and when called for is freshened with new linings, ribbons, buttons or frills, and a sufficient sum charged to cover the bill, including insurance.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE FOWLER WELLS is the president of the Fowler & Wells Publishing Co., and the only surviving member of an organization founded by her brothers, the well known penologists and the late century ago. Mrs. Wells, who is now seventy years of age, successfully conducted the business through a period of great financial depression, during the war, and until lately, has read the manuscripts and proofs of all the books and periodicals bearing the imprint of her house.

Mrs. SOPHIE BRAUNELICH, who began her business life as type-writer in the office of Mr. Rothwell, editor of the Engineering and Mining Journal, becoming in time exchange editor and sub-assistant secretary and treasury, has lately been constituted business manager of that thriving publication, because of the remarkable capacity for affairs displayed by her. Mrs. Braunelich prepared the preparation of the Government statistics on gold and silver for the new census returns.

Mrs. M. V. TAYLOR, of Washington, Pa., is one of the best known and ablest oil speculators of Western Pennsylvania. Left a widow with a child to support, she began her business life as bookkeeper for an oil firm, saw that money could be made in well-casings, sought her opportunity when the supply was small and the demand large, and found herself a rich woman. In oil speculation and in real estate speculation she has shown great "nerve" and judgment, and has proved her versatility by the invention of an iron tubing, which will probably supersede that now in use.

GREASED IT ONCE.

I had been looking over the battlefields around Marietta, Ga., and was five miles from the town when a cracker came along with an ox and a cart and offered me a lift. After riding some distance, I realized that both wheels were sadly in need of grease, and I asked him why he didn't lubricate.

"What for?" he asked.

"To make the cart draw more easily."

"Sho! This yere ox doan mind. He 'un doan know."

"But it would stop the squeaking."

"Yes, I reckon, but the squeakin' doan hurt."

"It would save your wheels," I finally said.

"Sho! This old cart ain't wuth savin'."

"Didn't you ever grease it?" I persisted.

"Once. A Yankee rode to town with me and bought me a box of stuff."

"How did it work?"

"Mighty slick, but we dun spread it on hoo cake, and ate it all up in a week."—N. Y. Sun.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

THE GRAY AND BLUE.

A quarter of a mile southeast from the crest of Missionary Ridge, a rock apart from the scene of the battle, and under a clump of laurels, at the close of that memorable battle were found two soldiers dead, one in gray and one in blue. They were the specimens of young manhood, lying there with smiles on their faces "as calm as to a night's repose," with their hands clasped as in a last fraternal greeting. There they were, side by side, and the pink arbutus blossoms over their lonely graves in the early days of Southern springtime, when the mock-birds sing and bending laurels whisper to each other of that first and last interview on the blood-stained sod.

I found them sleeping side by side. There on the mountain slope. One was the blue-how brave he died!—And one the gray; his story Shone on his boyish lips of pride. The holy angel's kissing. The death of the hero—He clasped the woman's hand in his. Apart from all the others. The death of the hero—He clasped the woman's hand in his. Apart from all the others.

"Rest well, oh, fallen hero! The sabre's clash, the battle's hail, Shall wake no more your slumber. From the dawn of home-land love, Blend with the little thunder." It seemed as if the Gray's cauteen, To bless his brother given, Had left his own parcel lips unbarred. Except by dew of Heaven! The Blue's torn shirt had stanching the wound—

Tranquilly and the gray—Of brother Gray, the rocks around Gave echo to their story. While tender kisses looked down upon. With words of joy and love, "God's love and brotherhood both upon." The very words were voicing. While all the stars together sang. For the dawn of home-land love, "One brotherhood!" the welkin rang. "One banner for its token!"

E. S. L. Thompson, in Leslie's Newspaper.

HIS WIFE'S LETTER.

Why a Brave Soldier Deserted From the Confederate Army.

A New York letter in the Baltimore American says: There was buried at Greenwood to-day a man with a curious history. He had been a Confederate soldier, as brave as any of his comrades, but he deserted his army during the war and was tried by court-martial for doing so. Edward Cooper was his name. For the last year he has been living at No. 555 Fourth avenue.

One bleak December morning in 1863 he was before a court-martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. The prisoner was told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to his inevitable fate, General Battle said to him: "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without reason?"

"But it was a reason," replied Cooper, "but it will not avail me before a military tribunal."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," said the General; "you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes which influenced your actions."

Approaching the president of the court, Cooper presented a letter, saying as he did so, "There, General, is what I did."

The letter was offered as the prisoner's defense. It was in these words: "Dear Edward: Since your connection with the Confederate army I have been pondering over what you have done. I would not have you do any thing wrong for the world, but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Edie crying. I leaped to him and said: 'What is the matter, Edie?' He replied: 'O, mamma, I am so lonely.' And I thought, your 'darling Lucy' she never complains, but she grows thinner every day. Before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die."

Turning to the prisoner, General Battle asked: "What did you do when you received that letter?"

"Cooper replied: 'I made application for a furlough—it was rejected. Again I made application, and it was rejected. That night as I wandered about our camp thinking of my home, the wild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary.'"

"If ever run in the battery had been fired upon me, I would have passed those lines. When I reached home, Mary flung her arms about my neck and sobbed: 'O, my Edward! I am so glad you got your furlough.' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned as pale as death, and catching her breath at every word, she said: 'Have you come without your furlough? Go back, Edward, go back! I love you, but, for Heaven's sake, save the honor of our names!'"

There was not an officer on that court-martial who did not feel the force of the prisoner's words, but each in turn pronounced the verdict—guilty. The proceedings of the court were reviewed by General Lee, and upon the record was written:

HEARDY, CAPTAIN A. N. V. The finding of the court approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and we will let him go.

DR. MARY WALKER.

The War Record of This Most Eccentric American Woman.

As regards Senator Evans' bill for the relief of Dr. Mary Walker the records of the War Department do not go far toward substantiating her claim for \$10,000. They state that she was professionally examined and nominally commissioned as an assistant surgeon. The language of the report made by the examining surgeon states that Dr. Walker's knowledge of materia medica is not superior to that possessed by an ordinary housewife and that he deemed her only competent to act as a female nurse. Notwithstanding this report she was assigned to duty as nominal assistant surgeon, with the Fifty-second Ohio Infantry, then in the front, so that she might have a chance to go through the lines and get acquainted with the enemy. Her intensity is well-known to the army of the Cumberland. Her self-assigned duty as a scout compelled her to masquerade for the first time in men's attire. In that dress she was captured, but the discovery of her sex saved her from being hanged as a spy. She was sent to Richmond, and while imprisoned she endured all the hardships of the other prisoners. Her knowledge of medicine proved of great benefit to the Union men. After a while liberties were given her that were unusual. The authorities permitted her to walk up and down the prison enclosure on the outside. She never walked alone, however, but was always escorted by a huge bloodhound, who was as faithful to the Confederate side as she was loyal to the Northern side. He would leap along behind until the limits of the walk were reached, when he would step to the front and cause her to turn around again.

He could not speak, but his attitude was very significant. This is a fact well known by all of those unhappy prisoners who were confined in Libby at that time. She was sent North on August 10, 1864, and soon afterward was placed in charge of the female prison at Louisville. Subsequently she was sent to Clarkburg, Tenn., to take charge of the Refuge Home. Her commission expired on May 25, 1865. For her services she was paid altogether \$1,202.32. She now draws a pension of \$20 a month. She is almost blind, and is obliged to use the most powerful glasses to see. Added to that infirmity she has lately broken her leg, and is suffering much pain.—Chicago Journal.

THE GRAND ARMY.

No Growing Rank from Which Recruits Can Be Drawn.

The Grand Army of the Republic is a unique organization. In the words of a past commander-in-chief: "No child can be born into it; no proclamation of Caesar can command admission; no university or institution of learning can issue a diploma authorizing its holder to enter the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic; no act of Congress or Parliament secures recognition; the wealth of a Vanderbilt can not purchase the position; its doors swing open only upon presentation of the bit of paper, torn, worn, begrimed it may be, which certifies to an honorable discharge from the armies or navies of the nation during the war against rebellion." And unlike any other association, no "new blood" can come in; there are no growing ranks from which recruits can be drawn into the Grand Army of the Republic. With the consummation of peace through victory, its rolls were closed forever. Its lines are steadily and swiftly growing thinner, and the ceaseless tramp of its columns is with ever-lessening tread; the gaps in the picket line grow wider; day by day details are made from the reserve, summoned into the shadowy regions to rest, to touch elbows no more until by and by, only a quivering sentinel shall stand guard, waiting till the bugle call from beyond shall muster out the last comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic.—George S. Merrill, in New England Magazine.

"OLD EXCEPTION."

A Name Given to a Southern Manufacturer by General Sherman.

In Atlanta, Ga., says a Cincinnati Commercial Gazette reporter, who has just come back from a trip through the South, there is an old business man, with snow-white beard and hair, whom every body calls "Old Exception."

When Sherman's army invested Atlanta Sherman issued an order that all non-combatant Confederates should leave the city within twenty-four hours. This man, who was a founder, called as Sherman's headquarters, "I want," he said, "to remain in Atlanta. I am a business man, and had no hand in the hostilities." "Didn't you cast guns for the rebels in your foundry?" General Sherman inquired. "Yes," was the reply, "I did, but I had to do it. I have large interests here, General, and I wish you would make me an exception; I'd like to stay and look after my property."

"Yes," said Sherman, grimly, "I'll make an exception in your case."

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"Yes," said Sherman, grimly, "I'll make an exception in your case."

Atlanta, Ga., says a Cincinnati Commercial Gazette reporter, who has just come back from a trip through the South, there is an old business man, with snow-white beard and hair, whom every body calls "Old Exception."

When Sherman's army invested Atlanta Sherman issued an order that all non-combatant Confederates should leave the city within twenty-four hours. This man, who was a founder, called as Sherman's headquarters, "I want," he said, "to remain in Atlanta. I am a business man, and had no hand in the hostilities." "Didn't you cast guns for the rebels in your foundry?" General Sherman inquired. "Yes," was the reply,